Volume LXXI CHICAGO, JUNE 26, 1913 Number 17

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

AMBITION

I wish no niche within the hall of fame,
  No monument of bronze or crumbling stone;
No fickle populace to shout my name,
  No arch triumphant—crown or throne.
But be it said, when I have reached the end
  Of life's rough road: "He seemed to try
To made each bird and beast a loving friend—
  The flowers nodded as he passed them by,
And children welcomed him to join their play;
  For those who laughed he multiplied the cheer;
He h[illegible] those who toiled, a helping way,
  For those who mourned, a sympathizing tear."

A. W. Sylvester, M. D.

From *Our Dumb Animals* for *June.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXI THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1913. NUMBER 17.

FRANCIS FISHER BROWNE

Great causes moved him early, as the child
And sire of poets moves. Seeking not fame,
But liberty for others, bright the flame
He lit, a lad, at War's fierce torch and wild.
This fadeless faith was his, kept undefiled
Unto the end, its loveliness his aim
Through all discouragement. Whatever came,
His soul was his to spend, though fools reviled.

And nobly was it spent! The stripling boy
A soldier battling for the eternal right,
Detesting war, yet glad in such a fight:
The fearless man, in all good finding joy:
He leaves an undimmed memory of light,
Friendship, and justice, Time shall not destroy.

From The Dial. *Wallace Rice.*

It is the New York *Evening Post* that declares "that the Powder Trust has been long supported by a special magazine at Washington, and one of its agents, in another guise, has a desk in the War Department." And it is *Collier's* who suggests that we have possibly a Krupp situation in our own country.

Two bi-products of the Roosevelt defamation law suit in Michigan, recently closed, should not be allowed to go unemphasized. First, the unconscious growth of gossip through even well meant and honest intentioned journalists; second, the remarkable testimony of the physicians that Mr. Roosevelt could not possibly have recovered so promptly from the dangerous bullet wound received at Milwaukee had his system been tainted in the slightest degree with alcohol. Let our tipplers take note.

Mark Sullivan, in *Collier's* for June 14, says: "Of all the men in the United States Senate, the one who comes as near as any other to deserving to be called a statesman is John Sharp Williams of Mississippi." To justify this statement he tells how Senator Williams frankly confessed that "free sugar would dismantle the sugar houses of Louisiana." He regretted this tragedy, which was the inevitable result of taking off stilts in deep water, but he stands by his confession nevertheless because "sugar duty is a special privilege and no man has a God given or a natural right to make money out of industry of any sort, except where he can stand on his two legs without legislative help." Sullivan's standard of statesmanship is not far removed from the high standard of the Psalmist who commended the man who swears to his own hurt."

According to *The Literary Digest* the elms of Harvard University are doomed. The gypsy and brown-tail moths, the elm-leaf beetle, the elm bark borer and other enemies have proven too much and the glory of the elm graced campus is departing. But the city of Boston has successfully fought these enemies. By the expenditure of $8,000 the elms of the Boston Commons have been saved. Frederick E. Olmsted in *Country Life in America,* as quoted in *The Literary* Digest, asks sarcastically:

> Is it not rather odd that an American municipality, a body not scientifically governed, should bid fair to find the practical solution of a technical problem which Harvard University, with the best of experts available, gave up? At Cambridge was it lack of far-sighted policy, poor organization, drifting responsibility or too many cooks? Perhaps a little of each.

Life has much serious sense beneath its levity. Some persons are so foolish that they can only be answered by more foolishness. Concerning the excited California Assemblyman, Walla by name, who saw visions of "brown feet trampling California's soil to back up Japan's demand,"—"Nonsense!" says *Life*:

> Japan couldn't possibly ferry over enough brown feet to give backing to a plea for a drink of water. The trouble seems not so much with the Japs as with the aversion of the Californians to agricultural effort. The thing you see would be awful if it was there. That is where you get our misguided sympathy. But it is not there, and that is where you risk our derision. If you were in any danger of being overrun with Asiatics, of mixing breeds with them, of being exposed on any large scale to competition with men so hardy and industrious who can live so cheaply, we'd all be with you. But the number of Japs in agriculture in California is small (less than 3,000) and diminishing, not increasing. The trouble with you Californians, Walla, is that you are bad farmers, and probably lazy. Your State has been considerably populated with people who want an easy climate and an easy time. You don't want any competition. You want help; eternally help; help from home; help from Washington; protection for citrus-fruits; protection from railroads; protection from all hard-workers. Forty years ago San Francisco harbor was full of vessels waiting for cargoes of grain. We hear there are none left; that Californians raise little grain for export any more. The land they till is pretty much exhausted for that use, and most of the farmers have abandoned wheat-raising, though some of them still farm as they did forty years ago, raising fifteen bushels to the acre, where their fathers raised fifty. They do not know diversified modern agriculture, nor intensive agriculture, such as the Japs use. That's the trouble with them and not what two or three thousand Japs can raise on thirteen thousand acres of land. Dr. Bryan has gone out to attend to the case, but we guess the right man for it is really Dr. Houston. He teaches agriculture. Learn of him, dear deluded and bumptious fellow-citizens. Learn of him, learn of the Japs, learn anywhere, but learn agriculture. Then we shall hear less of these Japs who own 13,000 acres of land and are going to let the California farmers starve to death.

Anent the evangelical quality of "Billy" Sunday, his method and message, referred to in a recent editorial note, the following extracts from Dr. Gladden's protest, selected by *The Literary Digest,* deserve wide publicity:

"Every day he (Sunday) mounts the judgment-seat of the universe and sends men by scores to the right hand and to the left—mostly to the left. Statistics—of a sort—were kept of the number of 'conversions;' but of the number of those sent to hell, by name, no record, I believe, was made. It is a great omission; for that is a large part of the business.

"All evolutionists are consigned to hell. Mr. Sunday names, one by one, those whom he suposes to be evolutionists, and with a dramatic gesture flings each of them into perdition. 'There goes old Darwin! He's in hell, sure!' And the enraptured audience yells its applause, as one evolutionist after another is dropped into the fiery pit. A staid Methodist preacher, who watched this performance, said afterward: 'I would never have believed, if I had not seen it, that an audience of civilized Americans could show such a spirit as that.' The scene at a Spanish bull-fight is really, when you think of it, less horrible."

And as a particular instance of Mr. Sunday's intolerance, Dr. Gladden recites as follows:

"One of Mr. Sunday's ministerial supporters in Toledo, Rev. Dr. Wallace, after listening to this sermon about the evolutionists, ventured to remonstrate with him privately. The next day on the platform Mr. Sunday turned to the protesting minister, shook his fist in his face and yelled: 'Stand up there, you bastard evolutionist! Stand up with the atheists and the infidels and the whoremongers and the adulterers and go to hell!' I have these words from Dr. Wallace himself, who adds, 'It is impossible to describe the venom with which these last words were uttered.'"

Next in the indictment of this sort of evangelism, Dr. Gladden finds its "commercial feature" a matter of concern, remarking that "it is notorious that he is making himself rich in this business of evangelism," and, adds Dr. Gladden:

"Mr. Sunday takes out of every considerable city which he visits, for an eight weeks' service, money enough to pay the average Congregational minister's salary for twenty years; and his year's accumulation would support one hundred foreign missionaries. He is not reticent about this; he preaches about it frequently and defiantly; he insists that it is nobody's business how much money he makes or what he does with it."

Lucia Ames Mead has a timely "For Shame!" article in *Zion's Herald* for June 11th, beginning with: "What honest American did not blush for shame on the morning of June 7, when reading that nine United States Senators had seriously delayed the renewal of several arbitration treaties because they knew one of them might require us to do what we had solemnly pledged ourselves to do, namely, to arbitrate such questions as the commercial issue over the Canal tolls." In this article Mrs. Mead justly points to the fact that since we "took" Panama and recognized the unweaned republic at instant notice,—dealing with weak Columbia as we would not have dealt with a strong nation,—we have been getting deeper and deeper in the wrong in connection with our Panama Canal, and this growing wrong has distorted our whole international outlook. Before the Canal was assured Navy men urged that it would lessen the need of a great Navy. Now, because the Canal is to be fortified, they urge the need of a larger navy. By fortifying it we render it open to attack, for by the Hague agreement of 1907 no unfortified place can be bombarded. George Eliot long ago said that the greatest reward for doing one good deed was the added power of doing another. The contrary is equally a grim truth. The greatest penalty for a wrong step consists in the added ease with which other wrong steps may be taken. Indeed, according to the logic of experience, one wrong step necessitates many wrong steps. Because the United States sinned against democracy at Manila Bay; because it has yielded to race prejudice and an unworthy panic, over an insignificant Japanese industrial invasion, and for similar causes, we are told that we must multiply our battle-ships in order to defend ourselves from our own blunders. Another sentence from Mrs. Mead's article should be sent around the globe: "Respect for us abroad has no more to do with the strength of our navy than our respect for Jack Johnson has to do with the strength of his fist, yet the average man assumes the contrary."

THE HEATHEN CHINEE TO THE ETON BEAGLER BOY.

Me poor heathen Chinee!
So you make big ado;
Pay for "Mission" to me,
Build fine church in Chentu!
Bah! Me tell you today
One thing ten time more true:
God no care how man pray,
But God care how man do.
Though me no pray your prayer,
Me less heathen than you:
Me no hunt timid hare,
Cruel kill-kill to do.
Go to your home, savage youth;
You too bad for Chentu!
China teach you great truth;
Me send "Mission" to *you!*

—*Ching Ping.*

From Our Dumb Animals for June.

The Wider Fellowship of Summertime

Fearing that many of our readers are not regular subscribers and habitual students of *Our Dumb Animals,* we venture to give our editorial space to the news and suggestions of the June number of this magazine, which, of the many publications we know, is the most indispensable in a home where there are growing children and on the study table of teachers and preachers. This rush of the city-bound to the open country, in midsummer, ought to be not only a rush for fresh air, good water and sleep, but it ought to bring a nature bath to the soul, a mellowing of the heart, a widening of the boundaries of fellowship until the zone of divine communion includes all creeping, flying and running things from the centipede to the biped. Here are some items that set us thinking.

Don't tell the women about it, but there is still left a little heronry some fifty miles from the Mississippi River. We are afraid to name the state for fear the milliners will find it. The story of the escape of this

heronry from obliteration by the aigrette wearers is full of pathos and humiliation.

All the world knows that a Mr. Ford is the great master-maker of automobiles,—five hundred machines a day, we believe, is the average output,—but few know about Ford Farm, ten miles west of Detroit, where twenty-one hundred acres of ground is set apart as a home for birds, squirrels, rabbits and their kindred. Here winter quarters and winter rations are provided for the countless tenants who are "At Home" all the year round. Surely the line that reaches from a Ford automobile to the shelter of a flying squirrel is a long one. O! it is interesting reading!

In these pages are some stories of "Sheep-Dog Trials in Scotland" and "Reminiscences of a Horse Trader." We are told there is now a "Blue Cross Veterinary Corps" organization, to be devoted to the care of horses damaged in battle. This is good, but better cease the battle.

John F. Draughton, of Nashville, Tenn., has written a pamphlet concerning trapping and trappers, in which he befriends even the hunted fox, which, after all, is more of a friend than an enemy of the farmer.

Here is also a plea for the pig. He would be cleanly and is sensible to a degree, when he has a chance.

Arrangement has been made in the neighborhood of Boston for horse vacations. At a cost of $3.50 a week a horse can have pasturage, such feed as is necessary, and his feet properly cared for. Seven dollars will give a horse two weeks' freedom, rest and green grass.

In Boston they have a "Horse Tag Day" under the auspices of the Boston Team Owners' Association. Tags and buttons are sold for five cents apiece and upward, the proceeds of which go to humane work.

Jeremy Bentham prophesied a hundred years ago that just as we had begun to recognize the rights of slaves, so we should ultimately recognize the claims upon us of the animal creation.

There is a bill before the Pennsylvania Legislature forbidding the leading, driving or working of any horse, mule or other animal for more than twelve hours in any consecutive twenty-four. This is altogether a righteous law, but along with it should go at least an eight-hour law for women and children.

Andrew Carnegie has written a paper seeking to ameliorate the agony of those who suffer from a "baseless fear of war."

Mrs. Jeannette Ryder, president of the "Band of Mercy" in Cuba, recently broke up an incipient bull fight with her camera. She simply took snapshots at the managers, the poor bull, and the fine ladies and gentlemen as they entered, and a holy shame did the rest.

Dr. P. Chalmers Mitchell has written a book on "The Childhood of Animals."

Enos A. Mills in "Beaver World" is spoken of as revealing one of the most intelligent of animals, one little less than a marvel of industry and ingenuity. For more than a quarter of a century the author has studied the beaver and watched him at work, at play and at rest.

This is a good time to plant sunflower seeds for the bird harvest. The little feathered friends will rejoice in them in the coming winter days. The Russian sunflower is considered the best for this purpose, for it bends its head in autumn against winter snows.

The humane societies in Canada are clashing with the orthodox Jewish rabbis. A trial case has been held in Halifax, where the S. P. C. A. won out. The Humane Society demands that animals shall be first stunned before they are bled rather than left to die a slow death from the loss of blood according to the Jewish ritual.

"Old Charley" was provided for in the will of his master, a Maine man. He was taken care of tenderly through life.

Now, gentle readers, subscribe for *Our Dumb Animals* for the benefit of the young people in your household from five to eighty-five years of age. One dollar a year; special price to teachers, 40 cents. Office, 45 Milk Street, Boston.

THE AMUSEMENT ZOO.

Listen! the sound of music is within!
Music? Ah, no! 'Tis a machine-made din—
A loud and rhythmic noise to put the face
Of joyous merriment upon the place.
What means this tap of foodsteps to and fro—
An art exhibit or a flower show?
Would it were these, instead of dumb beasts pent
In cages, robbed of their environment!
Those dogs with yearning eyes would love to run
Out in the laughing freedom of the sun?
Would they could only tell with quivering lip
What they have suffered from the trainer's whip!
This tiger—was he meant for man-made den—
A narrow cage of twenty feet by ten?
Deep in the jungle thicket he belongs—
Not in the holidays of chattering throngs,
A "special feature" past the further door!
A "lion training!" Hark, the awful roar!
O friend and stranger, shame, thrice shame, say,
To pleasure gain in such perverted way—
Torture and pain coined into dollars bright—
Injustice mocking at a God-given right!
Turn from the place to Nature's air so free,
And cease to countenance such cruelty,
Lo, it will not be long, till won by you,
The law's strong hand shall sweep away the Zoo.

—*Alice Jean Cleator.*

From Our Dumb Animals for June.

A great book that comes from a great thinker—it is a ship of thought, deep-freighted with truth, with beauty, too. It sails the ocean driven by the winds of heaven, breaking the level sea of life into beauty where it goes, leaving behind it a train of sparkling loveliness, widening as the ship goes on. And what a treasure it brings to every land, scattering the seeds of truth, justice, love and piety, to bless the world in ages yet to come.—*Theodore Parker.*

Francis Fisher Browne

[We gladly make room for the following eytract from the editorial notice in *The Dial* for June 1. After giving some of the interesting facts in the outward life of the gentle, beloved, but persistent and efficient founder, it gives this touching and merited appreciation.—EDITOR.]

Such are the principal facts in the life of Francis F. Browne. They reveal even to the most casual interpreter a career of strenuous and unwavering endeavor in the interests of culture. But their full significance can only be grasped by those who realize the conditions and environment in which that life-work has been carried forward. Ill-health and poverty and sudden catastrophe were the least formidable of the forces against which he contended for little less than half a century. More powerfully deterrent than all these combined was the spirit of the time and the place of his labors—the all-pervading materialism to which intellectual concerns were chiefly clap-trap and high purposes moonshine. In Boston or Philadelphia or New York he could scarcely have failed to achieve the highest journalistic honors in a decade or so; in Chicago his name is even now known only to comparatively few. But the harshness of the conditions only enhances the glory of the achievement. In Chicago he established and conducted for several years the one literary magazine comparable to the best that the East has produced; in Chicago he established and conducted for a third of a century the foremost American journal of literary criticism—the only journal of its class that has survived in *any* section of the country. We would not imply that he has accomplished these things single-handed; his immediate helpers have been able and devoted, and in later years he has not lacked practical support from some of those who have the cultural interests of Chicago most at heart. But he has been always the captain and standard-bearer of his own forlorn hopes; upon him has fallen the brunt of the battle, and with him must rest chief honors for whatever of victory has been attained.

Of the man's personality, it would be futile to attempt any complete delineation here. Happily the task is made in large part superfluous by the portrait which is contained in this issue as a supplement. One need not be a student of human nature to read in this face the essential characteristics of the man—the kindliness and sincerity and fearlessness, the mingled strains of gentleness and strength, of idealism and practicality, of frankness and reserve, of tolerance and pride. Dowered with that best of all inheritances, the New England conscience and ideals, he held faithful to these through fifty years of struggle and discouragement, of ill-health and poverty. The "gradual furnace of the world" tempered and refined but never crumbled his spirit. It is amazing how even those with whom he came most casually in contact felt and retained the impress of his powerful personality. Those who knew him intimately invariably loved him. Poor as he always was in material things, he was rich beyond most in all that ministers to the spirit—in friendships, the love of nature, the appreciation of literature, kinship with little children and with the humble of earth. His feeling for poetry was of a sort that now seems almost extinct in the world. Few have ever possessed such stores of it in memory; few could recite it so well. With all the best of English and American verse he was thoroughly familiar; but his favorites—Wordsworth, Matthew Arnold, Burns, Byron and Tennyson—he knew literally "by heart." For Arnold—the one poet, as he used to say, who never told untruths—he had probably the strongest affection. Indeed, his character and habits of thought were in many ways closely akin to Arnold's. He had the same love of the normal, the sane, the democratic; the same abhorrence for the fantastic, the far-fetched, the esoteric. "The wonder and bloom of the world moved him as powerfully as they did Arnold; crudity and rawness and ugliness, whether spiritual or material, revolted him no less strongly. He was the same "sad lucidity of soul," and no less determinedly than Arnold he

> "Wrought to erase from its depth
> Mist, and illusion, and fear."

But along with this underlying seriousness went a vein of the purest humor. There were not many things that he loved better than a hearty laugh with a friend; there were not many situations so tense that he could not relieve them by an apt anecdote or a witty analogy. Herein he resembled Lincoln as strongly mentally as he did in physical appearance.

Simplicity, sincerity, courage, persistency,—these were the predominant notes in his character. Almost equally marked, however, was a certain faculty of analytical insight which enabled him to realize at a glance, as it were, the true bearings and relationships of things,—to arrive almost intuitively at the essential truth of a situation or a problem. This, in the ordinary concerns of life, seemed only a sort of inspired commonsense. But in the larger field of public affairs it amounted to an instinctive passion for justice which placed him constantly with the minority, but seldom led him astray. When four innocent men were legally sacrificed in Chicago to a public stampede of fear and revenge, he did all that one man could do to prevent the wrong. When the American press was hounding Governor Altgeld to death, he prepared for one of the English reviews a detailed vindication of the man and his official acts, which, flouted as it was at the time of its appearance, now squares in nearly every statement with the generally accepted estimates. The sophistries by which our newspapers sought to justify the needless war with Spain did not blind him for a moment; our misguided policy in the Philippines moved him to ceaseless protests from the first. These are but a few of many instances. Scarcely one of his judgments on the political events of his time has not since been verified; scarcely one of his prophesies has failed of fulfilment. He was not one of those who could be silent when injustice was at work; nor did he ever wait for his own thought to be echoed back to him by the crowd before speaking his mind.

If the professional career of this man is to be fairly understood and appreciated, something must be said here of his chosen work with direct reference to its processes rather than its results. These processes are in the main occult to the general public. There are many popular conceptions of an editor's duties—ranging from that of a numerous class who take him to be the person who addresses the wrappers in which they receive their paper, to that of a still more numerous class who picture him as one immersed in the tranquil absorption of literature varied by occasional intervals of composition. The reality is as far removed

from the one as from the other of these innocent conceits. The editorial life is in actuality an endless round of correspondence and consultation, of proof-sheets and manuscript, of revision and recasting and recreating, of eternal vigilance for the present and ceaseless thought for the future, of tact and foresight and intuition in many varying relations. But it is a life by no means devoid of satisfactions and compensations. There is the joy of discovering latent talent, of encouraging and directing the efforts of young writers; there are the enduring friendships that grow up out of the associations formed. Of the wearing, thankless drudgery of this life no one ever had more full or bitter experience than the editor of *"The Lakeside"* and *"The Dial"*; but of its compensations, such as those we have named, he had also as full a share as any.

A lover of the countryside, loathing turmoil and discord, caring beyond all else for peace and the cultured amenities of life, his lot was cast in the noisiest and least spiritual of all great cities. With the temperament of a poet and a recluse, he was called upon to grapple incessantly with the sternest practicalities. Ill-health dogged him remorselessly from the time he left the army to the day of his death. Poverty walked always at his elbow. Yet none of these circumstances ever gained the upper hand of his will, or ever turned him from his purposes. Through a long and troubled life he never struck sail to a fear, either from without or from within.

We have come to the end. Much that should be said has been omitted, and all that is said should have been set down more forcefully and eloquently. But with the sense of irreparable loss still fresh upon us, it is difficult to write as we would. Perhaps the portrait, and the tributes of his friends which follow, will fill the gaps and repair the weaknesses of this sketch. The simple essence of it all, for us, is that we have lost our leader, and know not how to go on with the fight. But it is impossible to feel that the spirit has been wholly withdrawn,—that his far-seeing judgment and dauntless will are no longer to direct our efforts. The inspiration of that life will surely continue to support us in carrying forward the work which he began, though he himself be no longer a visible presence.

"O strong soul, by what shore
Tarriest thou now? For that force,
Surely, has not been left vain!
Somewhere, surely, afar,
In the sounding labour-house vast
Of being, is practised that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm!"

Again That Monster Shylock

Two newspaper paragraphs:

"The German Minister of Railways has prohibited the spreading of anti-Semitic pamphlets on the railways."

"New York City, after having removed 'The Merchant of Venice' from the public schools, has decided to put it back again."

Which means that while Germany is advancing in the doctrine of the Brotherhood of Man and in civilization, the American metropolis is retrograding; that while Germany is honestly trying to stop the spread of anti-Semitism, New York is encouraging it.

The campaign to restore Shylock was conducted by two or three of the New York dailies, led by the late Mr. Joseph Pulitzer's *World*, and the Board of Education was cowed into submission. The *World* advanced such outrageously ridiculous arguments as this:

"Shall not the rights of fat schoolboys be considered also in the matter of Falstaff, and the privileges of 'Gyp the Blood' pupils respected as regards Fagin and Bill Sikes?"

The writer of that silly paragraph also desires to know why the Danes do not object to "Hamlet," why the negroes do not ask for the elimination of "Othello," and a lot more balderdash equally as nonsensical.

Suppose boards of education insisted upon teaching the pupils some standard work which continually holds up the Christian as a Christian—constantly referring to his faith—to contempt and ridicule? The *World* would of course object, and justly so. So would we all.

The *Tribune* was more dignified in its arguments, but just as absurd. This is the opening paragraph of one of its editorials:

"We cannot believe that our Jewish citizens are as sensitive as the Board of Superintendents of the Schools believed when it cut Shakespeare's 'Merchant of Venice' off the list of books for school reading, on the supposition that the character of Shylock was offensive to them. The Jews are among the most intellectual people in the city, and it is not to be supposed that they deny themselves the pleasure of reading Shakespeare because he drew a hard picture of a Jew usurer. There are Shylocks in all races."

It was kind in the *Tribune* to credit us with so much intellectuality and to admit that we are not a supersensitive people, and we will confess right here that we do not "deny ourselves the pleasure of reading Shakespeare" because he drew a hard, impossible picture of a Jew, and we will go even further and confess that Jews frequently attend productions of the 'Merchant of Venice' and enjoy the beauty of the lines, abhorring at the same time the leading character.

However, the study of the despicable creature, which some actors try to raise to heroic heights and fail miserably, has no place in the schoolroom, where the children, whose minds and characters are in the process of forming, remember Shylock, the usurer, as the hideous, blood-thirtsy Jew. They are of an impressionable age and cannot help but carry with them that picture of the Jew through life.

We all admit what the *Tribune* says in its philosophical editorial about the middle ages. We are also duly grateful for this bouquet: "It is greatly to the Jew's credit that as the world has come to know him better the old prejudice has died out, or is dying out, hard as it is for old prejudices to die."

If, as the *Tribune* says, it is hard for old prejudices to die, why not let them die, and stay dead, rather than perpetuate them and keep them alive by fanning the flame of this monstrous prejudice among those who can never forget?

Are the American schoolmasters ready to plead poverty for English literature and confess that "The Merchant of Venice" is all they know?—*Jewish Independent.*

THE PULPIT

The Emancipation of Religion

A Sermon by
REV. JOSEPH H. CROOKER, *Roslindale, Boston, Mass.*

TEXT: *The truth shall make you free.* JESUS.

Over twenty-five years ago England's poet-laureate, at that time Alfred Tennyson, published a *Dramatic Monologue,* in which these words of despair are used to express the state of feeling to which, in his opinion, modern science tends to bring men:

O, we poor orphans of nothing, alone on that lonely shore—
Born of that brainless Nature who knew not that which she bore!
Trusting no longer that earthly flower would be heavenly fruit—
Come from the brute, poor souls—no souls—and to lie with the brute.

About the same time Robert Buchanan printed a poem entitled, *Justinian,* in which he attempted to picture what seemed to him the general tendency and inevitable result of scientific discovery:

Then, sobbing like a child, the old man cried:
Ask me not,—pity me and ask no more!
For, lo, I seem as one whose house has fallen
About his feet in ruins; and who stands
Living, aghast, with ashes on his head,
Clouded with horror, half awaked from sleep.
I know there is no God—Nature herself,
More mighty and more terrible than God,
Hath taught me that; but till this pitious hour
I never craved for God or named his name.
I asked not for him; craved no alms of heaven.

James Russell Lowell, a short time before his death, published in the *Atlantic* a poem in strange contrast with the joyous spirit and hopeful tone of "The Present Crisis" and "The Cathedral," and in it his former attitude of faith in science and welcome to discovery are abandoned; and we have instead a look of despair amounting almost to horror, turned toward the modern scientific spirit and method:

Men feel old systems cracking under 'em,
Life saddens to a mere conundrum,
Which once religion solved, but she
Has lost—has science found?—the key.

These are illustrations of what has come to be in some quarters a popular feeling respecting modern discovery; a feeling often expressed in the assertion that science is paralyzing spiritual aspiration and substituting doubt for faith, despair for hope. We are told that the fountains of the heart are being frozen by the advance of the scientific idea of law. We are warned that we must reject Darwin if we follow Christ.

Now, these statements by poets and others I most earnestly and emphatically challenge and deny. There is nothing in scientific discoveries or in the influence of the scientific spirit upon the personal character of investigators to warrant any such fears or forebodings. On the other hand, scientific progress has placed in man's hand a thousand instruments of self-help and public benefaction, and it has thereby increased the scope and efficiency of the religious sentiment. The scientific spirit is fast emancipating the human mind from the gloom and fanaticism of an earnest but irrational faith. The scientific method of observation and experiment has taught men how to study great social problems with profit and to attack ancient evils with success.

There never was more enlightened pity or keener philanthropic zeal in the world than today. Never before were fears pushed so far into the background and hopes made so prominent in the conduct of life or the ordering of human affairs. If evolution reveals the slowness, it also demonstrates the certainty of human progress. Man faces the universe with a calm but courageous faith in its inherent goodness. Modern science has done mankind inestimable benefit by destroying those superstitious fears that appalled the child, that attributed disease to divine wrath, and that made the message of religion itself a terrible tale of doom. How much gloom disappeared when science emptied the universe of the devil! Never before in the history of the race has the common mind faced the problem of life with so great a sense of security, with so few fears, and with such a consciousness of power, dignity and independence as in these passing years.

Science has given man a new and helpful conception of the method by which the infinite and eternal energy of the universe manifests itself. The idea of law, which has been and is now making itself a part of that public life which all men share and enjoy without any effort or choice of their own. The religious uses and benefits of this idea are many and important, as any comparison of modern with ancient life very forcibly demonstrates. If we look back a few centuries, we shall find that all men regarded every event or phenomenon as the expression or mark of some will—angelic or santanic. The universe was viewed as the residence of innumerable personal agents. Every change in man's environment was referred to the presence or activity of a spirit either good or bad. It was a spirit that raised the wind. A spirit resided in the wine and made it intoxicating. A spirit poured out the waters from the rain clouds. The paralysis of an arm, the blight of a crop, the destruction from hail,—all these and innumerable other things were the works of evil spirits.

The stars, it was thought, are held in place by spirits; human passions instigated by spirits so that vicious children and insane persons are *possessed;* the cold blast bringing frost and snow the work of personal agents; all diseases the product of demons. In the current expression, "animal spirits," we have a legacy from the time when the vitality of our bodies was attributed to indwelling spirits rather than to chemical action. All systems of sacrifice and all customs such as omens, ordeals and fortune telling were simply practical applications of this fundamental superstition.

Under such a theory man could discover no uniformity in nature, feel no certainty in his own work, and enjoy no sense of security. Behind the thin veil of appearances a ceaseless warfare between angels and demons proceeded which he could neither forecast nor control. Thus, the ways of nature could not be foreseen, nor the forces of the universe used with any certainty of producing given results. Experience would be of little value, because what succeeded yesterday, Satan might upset tomorrow. No incentive to investigate, because no rule of action could be discovered. No wise use of natural means to produce desired results, because demons could easily render them futile. As long as man held such notions, he would necessarily feel that his foundation was very insecure, his surroundings very treacherous, his future progress and happiness very doubtful. And yet this was the popular conception of the world until very recently.

Now, science, which is simply the truth of things and souls so far discovered, has taught man to see an entirely different universe. It has extended in all directions the idea of law, as an observed uniformity in the operation of the forces of which nature is constituted. And man has found this uniformity in nature by attending strictly to facts. This discovery is nature's answer to man's craving for reality; God's answer to the mind's prayer for truth. This idea of law, that is, of energy acting uniformly, whether in sunlight or plant, is the fundamental principle of science, without which observation would have no value and obedience no fruitfulness. So that natural phenomena, the spring blossoms, the summer harvests, the autumn splendors,—are not the masks of angelic or demoniacal beings, but the manifestation of forces, the quantity of which can be measured and the methods of which can be charted. The sciences are simply groupings of facts, illustrating the idea of law as applied to the records in rocks, to vegetable organisms, and to animal structure and intelligence.

Apply this idea of law to trade and we have political economy. It is with a measured rhythm that social want draws ivory from African jungles and wheat from western plains. Apply this idea of law to human speech and we have the science of language; the winged words apparently so frail and transient, stand in order arranged as revelators of antiquity. Apply this idea of law to the stories about the ancient deities and we have the science of mythology. It was by orderly processes that the soul's yearnings were lifted from fetish to sun-god and thence to the All-Father. Apply this idea of law to man's spiritual ideals and we have comparative religion. We trace divine uniformities from savage altar to Buddha's compassion; from Jacob's cunning to "Lord Christ's heart." This scientific idea of law completely changes the whole aspect of the universe, our relation to it and our work in it. When we study any event today, we do not attribute it to a spirit, good or bad, acting capriciously. Instead, to some uniformly operating power in the natural order we look for the real cause. Our attitude is changed from propitiation to discovery; from fear to confidence; from doubt to certainty. In the real universe we find our protection and reach our perfection by discovering and obeying the laws of nature, not in winning the favors of angelic or demoniacal beings.

We are now able to work with new assurance and effectiveness. We find that there is neither variableness nor shadow of turning in the ways of God, but absolute sincerity and certainty. A pound will always balance a pound. Granite will not crumble at the grimace of a fiend, nor will sylvan spirits weed our corn. Holy love will hold the soul to a heavenly orbit as the sun holds the planets. We are prepared to work with and not against the faithful and inherent tendencies of the universe. As we discover the laws of nature we are able to put our chariot in the highway along which the Almighty passes!

In Trumbull's History of Connecticut, we read: "About the year 1734 that dreadful disease, called the throat distemper,"—now known as diphtheria—"broke out and spread in the country among children and youth. It was attended with a sudden and extraordinary mortality. In some towns almost all the children were swept away. In some instances large families, consisting of eight or nine children, were made entirely desolate. The parents in a short time attended them all to the grave and had neither son nor daughter left. The country was filled with mourners and bitter affliction." And how was the calamitous epidemic met and interpreted? As an awful expression of the wrath of God. The whole community being thus punished, because the young people made the evenings after the Lord's day a time for social calls, and also because the ministers had neglected to preach the sweet and joyous doctrine of original sin and total depravity! Being thus regarded as an evidence of God's anger, the epidemic caused a frightful amount of gloom and anguish over and above what naturally sprang from the loss of children. There was not only mourning for dead children, but paralyzing fear of God. Under such conditions no efforts were made to discover or remove the causes of the disease. Here then was not only keen sorrow, attended by unnecessary terrors, but also utter helplessness.

But how differently such an epidemic is faced today! In fact, it is not allowed to occur! Men see in such affairs no wrath of God but bad sanitary conditions. Death is still sad, but it is no longer made infinitely frightful by that belief in God's vengeance. It does not drive the parent into a delirium of terror and gloom. What a load of needless sorrow science lifted from the human heart by revealing natural law and discovering the causes of such epidemics. In this way the hand then helpless has been armed with victorious skill and the death of thousands of children prevented.

If it is religion to relieve hearts of needless anguish and torturing fear, to protect human life from terrible pain and unnecessary disaster, do we not have right here a forcible illustration of the truth that science instead of being the foe is the friend of religion? Science may not have found the key by which to unlock the mysteries over which theologians once wrangled—Mr. Lowell would not care for it, if found —but it has produced the key which unlocks the shackle of that frightful superstition, while it sends men forth into life free and masterful; and such achievement is no small religious ministry.

In the year 1474, only nine years before the birth of Luther, there was a visitation of May-bugs near Berne, which threatened to destroy the crops of Switzerland. As they were supposed to be sent by the devil, over whom the clergy alone had power, the people naturally sought their bishop for protection, and he issued the following excommunication against them:

> Thou irrational, imperfect creature, thou May-bug, thou whose kind was never inclosed in Noah's ark, by the power of the glorified Trinity, through the merits of Jesus Christ, and by the obedience you owe the Holy Church, I command you May-bugs, all in common and each one in particular, to depart from all places where nourishment for men and cattle germinates and grows; else on you, accursed vermin, shall fall this excommunication made in the name of the Holy Trinity!

This document was solemnly read from the pulpit, the kneeling people repeating after it their paternosters and their Ave Marias! They saw nothing ludicrous in all this, though it seems so childish to us. For, were not these May-bugs unclean spirits sent by the devil, and had not the Lord given bishops the power to destroy the works of satan? This procedure was simply a practical application of their theory of the universe.

But how differently men, imbued with the scientific idea of law, proceed today against similar calamities. A few year sago a plague attacked the silk-worms of France. The mere financial loss to the nation in five years was $100,000,000. And as money is a great power, underlying personal culture and domestic prosperity, their loss was a great blow to even the spiritual possibilities of the people. The appeal for help was not now made to the bishop, but to a renowned scientist, Pasteur. Today we live in a different universe, where results must be reached by the discovery of law and the use of natural means,—not by ecclesiastical authority directed against imaginary spirits. Pasteur sought the cause of this plague and by a careful investigation found it. His remarkable discovery won the gratitude of his countrymen and the applause of the world.

And Pasteur, in solving this problem, is a fine illustration of the command over nature which the scientific methods affords. Every such addition to the material resources of the world is a gain to religion. Just so far as we are able to make the earth yield beneficent products, just so far as we are able to protect crops from blight and men from disease, we provide more leisure for the cultivation of mind. Put into man's hand a new mechanical power, and art, music and literature are established in a million new homes. Discover a preventive of pestilence and we enlarge the stock of human happiness. No Emerson will arise among the Esquimo. The struggle for mere subsistence leaves no room for culture. Even the good Samaritan, to accomplish his noble purpose, must call in the aid of science. Ignorance of nature means death. The misdirection of effort is irreligious. The more efficient the workman is, other things being equal, the more religious the man. The mastery of nature is the broad basis from which spiritual art must work. The distance between the Swiss bishop and the scientist, Pasteur, mark not only an increase in knowledge but an increase of beneficent capacity, of spiritual possibility.

A few years ago some little girls at Marpingen reported that they saw the Virgin Mary. A bush bowed down before her and became green with leaves; a spring burst miraculously from the ground, and the spot where she stood had power to heal the sick. Soon thousands of pilgrims were on their way to the sacred spot. There, they thought, is a place where we can be near God; and being there he will bless us abundantly.

But science tells a more wonderful story about every bush. It discovers in every drop of water greater powers than they saw in that spring; while it reveals rarer mysteries in the common clod than they attributed to that particular spot. And the healing agency there at work they carried in their own breasts: the ever present influence of God flowing in psychic suggestion and operating by vital processes native to man. How tame after all the wonders of that spot beside the real marvels of the human body and mind! Every pilgrim by a glance into his own soul would have found more of God than at Marpingen. But thus have people often hurried from the presence of God to worship him where he is not! In their unbelief they deny the divine life of today to uphold a distant prodigy. They spurn the majestic uniformities of nature to honor some mystic legend. They neglect the teachings of the spirit to run after magic signs. What if the Virgin Mary had appeared at Marpingen? God is as near to me as to her. He started the rhythm of my heart and wove the tissues of my brain! We see a Power co-present in all his works, pervading and embracing all; a Power incessantly in earnest in this universe, which is a vesture woven without seam, from infinity to eternity; a Power operating as Love through a realm of Law.

That is a feeble reverence which bows beside what is supposed to be the miraculous rent in the natural order, made by deity as he jumped through to remedy an unforeseen defect in his original plan! Rational reverence, fostered by science, seeks a God who abides, not one who simply visits! It is not science that teaches that we are "poor orphans of nothing." The theme upon which it prophesies is the infinite life of man as child and heir of Almighty Goodness. It leaves no man upon a lonely shore, for it fills all space with the power and justice of God, so that he who looks with eyes instructed by this great discover finds no spot lonely and no place unclean. The universe which science reveals is more glorious and wonderful than that pictured by the most poetical mystic. The facts themselves are more religious than the vision of Swedenborg or John of Patmos. And in this realm of ordered power the heart still feels the fulness of Divine Love.

O Power, more near my life than life itself,
I fear not thy withdrawal; more I fear
Seeing, to know thee not, hoodwinked with dreams
Of signs and wonders, while unnoticed thou,
Walking thy garden still, commun'st with men,
Missed in the commonplace of miracle!

Lloyd George on Military Panics

In his budget speech in the House of Commons, April 22, 1913, the Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George, Chancellor of the British Exchequer, spoke as follows upon military panics and the present portentous growth of armaments:

Expenditure has rushed up at a very alarming rate in practically every country throughout the world. The main cause of the increase undoubtedly in this and other countries is attributable to the growth of military and naval armaments.

I should rather like to examine a little more closely this growth of expenditure. The increase in figures is striking, but what is much more remarkable and significant is the change in the character of the expenditure. I looked up the expenditure of this country fifty years ago. I think it was a rather good period to take; in many respects the conditions were analogous. They are both years that came after the close of a great war in which we were engaged. We were then after the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny—wars in which in many respects the military equipment had been found wanting in almost every essential condition except the gallantry and endurance of our soldiers. In both cases there was created a demand for increased expenditure; there were the same great passions thrilling the nation; there were the same panics and nightmares. Then the French empire was the bugbear. The third great panic prophesied by Mr. Cobden had taken place. We had a distinguished soldier, a distinguished fighting man, taking the lead in working up the ex-

citement and nervous apprehension—Sir Charles Napier. He was firmly convinced that there would be an invasion of this country. He described the march upon London, and he said in this house, "When it comes, what will become of the funds God only knows!" He even fixed the date of the invasion.

Enormous sums of money were spent in useless fortifications and in twelve years the naval and military expenditure of this country doubled. There were the same calculations in comparison between fleets. We were told in every motion in this House, and there were several debates in the House of Lords, that the French fleet was superior in big ships and big guns. There were the same stories of secret preparations. We were told that the French were preparing huge transports for the purpose of landing troops, and we were assured that it would be the easiest thing in the world to land 80,000 men on the south coast to march on London. It is a very interesting story and worth studying now. We know now that the French Emperor not merely had no designs on us, but that he was exceedingly anxious to be friendly with this country, and that it was the one desire of his life to be on good terms with Great Britain and her sovereign. True, there were a few irascible French colonels, but we also know now for a certainty that at no time had they the remotest chance of landing any troops in this country and ,that our fleet was overwhelmingly superior. At any rate, it had the effect of driving up expenditure. Mr. Gladstone, who believed none of these things, called special attention to the alarming growth of expenditure in 1861 almost in words repeated today by critics of our expenditure. I should like to quote the words Mr. Gladstone then used:

> If there be any danger which has recently in an especial manner beset us, I confess that. . . . it has seemed to me to lie, during recent years chiefly, in our proneness to constant and apparently almost boundless augmentations of expenditure, and in the consequences that are associated with them. I do not refer to this or that particular charge or scheme; I do not refer to the estimates of the year; but I think that when in an extended retrospect we take notice of the rate at which we have been advancing for a certain number of years, we must see that there has been a tendency to break down all barriers and all limits. . . . I do trust that the day has come when a check has begun to be put to the movement in this direction.

That was in 1861. He was then submitting to this House a budget statement which provided for £70,000,000—£2 8s. 3d. ($11.75) per head of the population. It is now £4 6s. 3d. ($21.00). There is no more important function that this House can discharge than an examination of the national expenditure, and I think it is very important to call attention to the direction in which expenditure has grown, so that criticism should be well informed and well directed.

The largest increases since then have been in armaments. I pointed out that 1861 represented high-water mark at that date of the cost of armaments. Shortly afterwards expenditure on the army and navy fell by something like £2,000,000 a year. It was then £28,285,000; it is now £74,544,000—an increase of £46,000,000. It was then growing at the rate of hundreds of thousands per year; it is now growing at the rate of millions a year. Since I have had the privilege of occupying my present office, expenditure on armaments has grown by £15,000,000, and I see no prospect of this very menacing growth coming to an end unless there is some fundamental change in the attitude and policy of the nations of the earth.

The expenditure on armaments differs from every other expenditure in two respects. One is that it is non-productive. The other is that the increase or diminution in armaments is not dependent upon the will of the individual government that initiates the expenditure, or even of the House of Commons that sanctions the expenditure—it depends upon the concerted or rather competitive will of a number of great nations, of whom we constitute one of the most potent. Now armaments count for the largest, and I think the most sterile, increase since 1861.

—*Selected.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Growth of the Hebrew Religion

A YEARS WORK

In the Study of the Old Testament as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to his Classes in Religion

1912 — 1913

Prepared for UNITY by DR. ALICE D. WILLIAMS

XVI.

HAGGAI.

TEXT: *Is it a time for you yourselves to dwell in your ceiled houses, while this house lieth waste?*

HAGGAI i:4.

In the tenth century B. C. we come to the Kings David and Solomon, who for a season ruled a united empire which lasted only forty years; in 960 B. C. it fell into the Northern and Southern kingdoms. In the eight century, two hundred years later, the Northern Kingdom went to pieces under the blows of the armies of Nineveh. In the sixth century, 597 B. C., the first deportation from the Southern Kingdom was made by the Babylonian power, and twelve to fifteen years afterwad the second deportation. The exile period beginning in the sixth century reaches down into the fifth century. From 536 to 520, where this lesson comes in, the exiles were returning to Palestine. There was a terrible disillusionment.

Ezekiel, the wild, almost mad enthusiast, dreamed in ecstasy of a restoration which would be more brilliant and more clearly endorsed by the Almighty than anything which had ever been before. He planned in detail a restored Jerusalem with great buildings, courts and walls. He laid out the country in squares which were to be occupied by different tribes or families. Perhaps some twenty or thirty years afterward came a man with a larger vision than Ezekiel, though with much less grasp on the outward and material future of the Jews. His dream was of a spiritual domination, a time when the fundamentals of monotheism and the universalities of the Jewish faith would triumph. This prophet was the "Great Unknown," whose poetry as well as whose ethics represent, unless we except Job and some of the Psalms, the high water mark of the Old Testament.

In the last lesson we were on the margin of this return from the exile. With Haggai we are once more in Palestine and here we come upon two or three painful disillusions.

There is no reason to believe that any great number of the Jews had cared to go back. Though, a hundred years later, they were counted by the thousands, there were really only a few of the old Jewish people in

Babylon who remembered Palestine. Perhaps they recollected being carried away in their mothers' arms. More likely they only remembered the weeping mothers in exile. There were a few young, ethical enthusiasts, disciples of the "Great Unknown," who were carried away with his vision, and there were a few in the priestly line who were trained to believe that Ezekiel knew what he was talking about, that his plan was going to be realized, and they were going back to help in it. Then of course there were a few restless adventurers, those touched with the *wanderlust*. But numerically, those who returned must have been a negligible quantity, though there were representative and conspicuous individuals who did accept Cyrus' offer.

Another surprise is that there were such a lot of folks left back there in Palestine at the time of the final deportation. Illustrations are many as to the way an invading army "wiped out a people." Lo! there are a lot of people left there, doing business at the old stand, in the old spirit!

Now we come to Haggai and Zechariah. They represented the same time and spirit. Haggai seems to have been a layman and Zechariah a priest. Cyrus had told the Jews in Babylon that if they were discontented they might go back to Palestine. "If necessary," he said, "I will furnish you an escort. I want you to be happy and I want you to build up the outlying portion of my kingdom." Less than 600 went. It is not very clear whether Haggai had been in Babylon or not, but he was touched with the zeal of Ezekiel and inspired by the "Great Unknown." To his disgust nothing had been done in the way of rebuilding the Temple and he insistently urged church building. He upbraided the people because they were living in comfortable houses while they had only a shack of a place for worship. No wonder Jehovah did not smile upon them! Excuses then were the same as now—"the crops were bad, times were hard." The time never has been ripe for the passing of a subscription! But Haggai in these four little sermons insisted upon the rebuilding of the Temple. He appealed to those still living—"You remember the glory and magnificence,"—but by this time the Temple had a greater beauty in retrospect than it had in reality. Haggai still has a place in the line of prophets if we interpret the prophet as a non-official representative of morals and religion.

The text is well introduced. Then comes the first sermon. Ch. i:4-12. The same thought of a special Providence runs all through the Old Testament. If Jehovah's dealings with his people did not square with the prophets thought of what ought to be, the people had sinned.

The second sermon, Ch. ii:3-9. There were insurrections back in Babylon. Cyrus had been deposed and Darius had succeeded him, but Haggai said, "Never mind, Jehovah is going to rule even if these 'powers' tumble, and here in Jerusalem he will establish himself, as all the prophets have promised." When he made promises for Jehovah he went beyond his depth. Things did not go that way!

The third sermon, Ch. ii:14-19. "I will bless you if you only will finish the building."

In the fourth sermon, Ch. ii:20-23, we find the fourth appeal to the people to rebuild the broken shrine. We find here what Haggai failed to see, the thing that Nehemiah recognized, that the young people had intermarried with the foreign people until race consciousness had thinned out. The underlying question here, for us, is this: How to restore the ethical value and spiritual potency of the place of worship, the tangible altar, where the sanctities of life are primarily important and the problems of life are seriously considered? Practical people do not stay away from church and grow indifferent to altar claims because they refuse to recognize its place but because they have given their allegiance to more aggressive and cheaper claims. It is just as hard today to unite the best devotion and high sacrifice of a community upon the place, time and instrumentalities of worship as it was in the time of Haggai. The thing that Ezekiel and the Great Unknown, Haggai and Zerubbabel, worked for so clumsily, with such inadequate philosophy, for which they did not claim half enough, is the tremendous spiritual asset of a religious inheritance, the loyalty to an ideal, the strength that passes these things on from father to son and from mother to daughter, through the generations, so that life is guarded by high purpose and wedded to deathless things. How shall we reconcile the open mindedness that science calls for with the devoutness, the ethical sincerity, the directness of the faith that is historic? This is the line upon which we must go if we are to welcome a new Haggai who shall in twentieth century phrases warm us with a zeal for those forces which are perennial.

QUESTIONS ON HAGGAI

1. What are the disillusions we come upon in this book?
2. What is the difference in rank between Haggai and Zechariah?
3. What is Haggai's plea?
4. What seems to be the universal thought of all the prophets as to the reason for the condition of the people?
5. What lesson has Haggai for us?

The Study Table

Three Summer Books

From *The Macmillans* I am in receipt of three superfine summer volumes. "The Daffodil Fields" is by the author of "The Widow in the Bye Street," that is, John Masefield. Where will you find such a picture of the brook as opens this volume? I would like to quote the whole of it; and then why not quote the whole book? It is a cry for peace and love; and the world has got to come to it. We have had enough of the heels of the brute force lords of the saloon and lovers of war.

"In the Vanguard," by Katrina Trask, is a masterpiece. Its song also is "On earth peace." Yes, indeed! this is the cry of all true poetry. Music, love, harmony, rhythm, all chime in with "On earth peace." But that dooes not tell the charm of this delightful poem. Be sure you read it.

Next comes "Social Idealism and the Changing Theology." This book undertakes to tell how the world is giving more attention to ethics than to theology, and why the drift turned in that direction. We are giving up the supernatural and the miracle, for the natural; and are much better satisfied. The world is tired of hearing the nursery jingle in the pulpit, about hells and heavens and golden streets and all the rest of it. Let us believe in God and in Nature, and go ahead.

E. P. Powell.

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"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

FORTY-SIXTH ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

The recent forty-sixth annual convention of the Free Religious Association was one of the largest attended and most interesting of the meetings of Anniversary Week, recalling to some of those present the earlier gatherings of the society. It proved that this association has still a message and a mission in the religious life of the present day. While most of the meetings of the week were naturally of a denominational and business character, in which reports, statistics, missionary appeals and self-gratulation or self-criticism were prevailing features, the Free Religious Association, with little or no ecclesiastical or theological impedimenta, was left free to discuss from widely varied points of view, but in a courteous and hospitable spirit, large topics of ethical and humanitarian interest. The general subject at the morning session was "A Religious Program for Today." President Charles W. Wendte, D. D., introduced the topic by an affirmation of the rebirth of religion at the present day, citing the various movements in human thought and social endeavor which seemed to prove his contention. The speakers who followed each dwelt on a phase or aspect in the evolving religious life of our time essential to a new and more perfect presentation of belief and worship. The Rev. George T. Smart, pastor of the Congregational Church of Newton Highlands, spoke thoughtfully and with enlightened conservatism on the reverent revision of the old and joyous acceptance of a new truth; Rev. Edward Cummings affirmed with power the predominant emphasis which should be laid upon social ideals and endeavors; Rev. Woodman Bradbury, D. D., pastor of the old Cambridge Baptist Church, dwelt on the need for a stronger sense of personal responsibility, and the closing word, by the new associate minister of All Souls' Church (Unitarian) in New York City, Rev. William Sullivan, was an eloquent and moving appeal for a deeper spiritual note in the reconstructed faith of the present day.

The banquet was attended by nearly 200 persons. The large number who came to hear the afternoon speaking made it advisable to adjourn to the upper hall, where brief addresses were made on "The Forward Look," by the veteran F. B. Sanborn of Concord, by Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham, and more specifically by the following: Prof. Edwin D. Starbuck, "In Philosophy;" Prof. George C. Cox, "In Ethics;" Rev. Samuel M. Crothers, "In Literature;" Rev. D. Roy Freeman, "In Social Movements;" Prof. Emily G. Balch, "In Woman's Uplift;" Mrs. A. W. Hunton, "In Race Progress;" Hon. Joseph Walker, "In Politics," and Rev. Frederick Lynch, "In International Relations." These addresses were of uniform excellence and will appear in the printed volume of proceedings and papers to be issued forthwith. Perhaps none was more warmly received than that of Mrs. A. W. Hunton, a colored lady speaker, who plead with moving eloquence for her race. A just criticism might be made upon the undue length of the afternoon session. Too many addresses, even by able men and women, are wearying.

At the business session of the directors Rev. C. W. Wendte was re-elected president, Rev. F. O. Hall of New York was chosen one of the vice-presidents, and Rev. William Sullivan, Mr. A. Rothschild and Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer directors for four years. The secretary, Mr. James H. West, also read a drastic and stirring paper on the future policy of the association. It was decided to hold, if possible, an autumnal convention in New York City.

GIFT FROM A SUBJECT PEOPLE

In a letter to *The Nation* Mr. Arnold White says that the much-made-of 'gift' of a battleship by the 'Rajas and people of the Malay States' savors of tribute rather than of gift. He seems to suggest in the following that the whole thing was "squeezed" out of them by methods not quite in keeping with the British tradition:

The "gift" of battleships from a free people is one thing; the exaction of tribute from a people who are not free and who are unrepresented is quite a different thing. Information has reached me from the Straits Settlements that the puppets and marionettes who are known as the Sultans and Rajas of the Federated Malay States have no more power over the revenues of their country than the dirtiest boy in the least hygienic of London slums. This is no

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party matter. Squeezing a battleship out of the Malaya and Chinese of the Federated States reverses the tradition that England does not accept tribute from a conquered or protected people who are unrepresented. The statement that the "gift" of the battleship "Malay" comes from "the Rajas and people" is untrue. The statement that the burden of the cost will not fall upon the people is also untrue. Whether the money be raised by direct taxation, by export duties, or by loan, workers, whether of brain or of muscle will have to pay. I trust that you will use your influence to procure the relief of the people of the Malay State from the burden of the cost of a battleship which was squeezed out of them by methods that point to a rigorous overhauling of the Colonial Office.

Comments are superfluous.—*The Indian Messenger, Calcutta.*

My son we should lay up a stock of absurd enthusiasms in our youth or else we shall reach the end of our journey with an empty heart, for we lose a great many of them by the way.—*Victor Cherbuliez.*

To read, to think, to love, to pray—these are the things which make men happy.—*Ruskin.*

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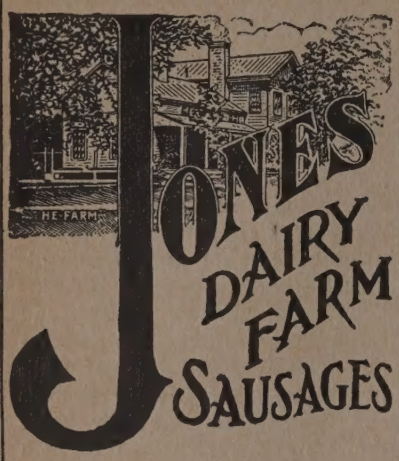

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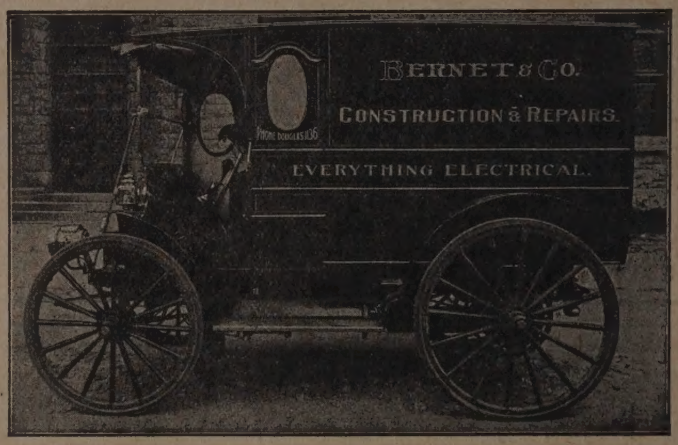

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